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## SOME CANADIAN TRAITS

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London, England.

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The Canadians are a frank, open, generous people. They are all busy, all making money, all trying to make more, all in a fair way of doing it. But you may stop one anywhere, at any time, and ask information, and you will get it when he has it to give, in the kindest and most friendly way. There is a fraternity everywhere. There are no class distinctions, at least none readily apparent. Servants become mistresses, gentlewomen become servants. There is a leveling up, and there is a leveling down. Servants and laborers are menials no more. The gentle born, and there are many in Canada, take to toil within their capacity, and are not degraded.

I see that a Canadian lady of distinction has said that the country does not want impecunious gentlewomen from Britain. I hesitate to differ from one so competent to judge, but I think for the sake of the gentlewomen, and for the sake of Canada, that kind of immigration is just what both need.

The life of an impoverished gentlewoman in England is hard to endure. She is cribbed, cabined, confined by severe and cruel conventionalities. There are so many things she dare not do, so many things she must not resemble. She eats, drinks and sleeps on the edge of degradation from what she and her friends think is her high status. Pray let her escape from her prison house, and breathe the freedom of Canada. She will not be despised there if she works. She will be valued for her service, not for what her class and ancestry have "coralled." She will be measured by what she is and does, and will see nothing false in the weights. There are many such women in Canada. They are a credit to their caste, and class, and country, and are a great gain to Canada. They lose nothing themselves, they confer much on others.

Their education, speech, manners, and refinement of thought and feeling are a valuable influence, especially with Canadian children in the schools. Shakespeare, and Bunyan, and the Bible, are not sufficient to check the mutilation of our good old Saxon tongue; a leaven of culture and refinement will do good to the lump, and no

harm to the leaven. The changes are terrifying to those who cherish our literature and speech. "To law," is to go to law; "to suicide," is to commit suicide; "to jail," is to lock up; "to room," is to live in a room; "to figure," is to calculate. The corruption of the language is in rapid progress; and the newspapers and the preachers are the least excusable offenders.

There is a constant migration within the boundaries of Canada, and there is a constant flow from Europe and America. Of these currents, the most important and significant is that which flows northwards from the United States. There are nearly one hundred million people within a day or two's railway journey of the Canadian boundary line. Consider what this means.

The Americans are an alert and enterprising nomadic people like ourselves. They are getting overcrowded. Their agricultural land has risen to from £20 to £40 per acre and even more. They have been growing much wheat. They are going out of it. They hear that virgin land as good as theirs ever was in its unexhausted days can be bought a day or two's journey off, for £2 or £3 per acre. Read this clipping from a Calgary daily paper: "9-8-12. STATES FACING FAMINE; Unless soil is improved will have to import products. Chicago, Aug. 9.—That America is facing a famine unless agricultural conditions are vastly improved, was the general opinion of the speakers at the annual meeting of the National Soil Fertility League yesterday. 'Statistics show that agriculture in the United States has been so neglected that within twenty years we will be forced to import our principal products from foreign lands. We are facing an inevitable famine unless the soil is greatly improved,' said Mr. Gross, President of the Organization."

American land is becoming exhausted, and stands in need of a more expensive fertilization. Owners can sell out at a lower figure than they paid and start again in Canada. If the old people are still anchored to the farm, their sons are free to emigrate. And Canada offers more inducements than any other state in their Union. The climate is no worse in Ontario, Saskatchewan or Manitoba than in the central states of the American Union, even far south of the international boundary. Their winters are a little shorter but they are quite as severe while they last, and infinitely worse than on the Pacific coast of British Columbia and the foothills of Alberta. And the fame of Canada has spread into these southern lands. I met very

many Americans who have settled in Canada, some of many years standing, some of but a few. They have nothing but praise for everything Canadian except Canadian apathy in business.

One interesting specimen from the central states, in answer to my inquiry as to the attractiveness of Canada to the American, leaned toward me, and in a semi-confidential whisper, as if he were imparting to me some knowledge that might be of service to me, said, "Why, if you shoot a man here they hang you." He ignored my smile. "Law's respected here," he continued, "two neighboring farmers near me in Kentucky once lawed about six hogs, and it took ten years for the courts to settle it, and when they did the two lawyers had the two farms. Now here in Canada, I've had two law cases in two years, and the verdict was given in sixty days. They'd have taken six years in the States. An American here a little time ago was fined for keeping a 'bath house.' He took no notice. He was fined again. Still he took no notice. He could afford the fine, and had one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in real estate here. He got a year's imprisonment and was ordered out of the country on his release, and while he was leisurely going round with his dollars, trying to bribe the officials, they were making arrangements for his deportation. He was conducted to the boundary, and I'm sure he hasn't recovered from his stupefaction yet. Just fancy," he added, "the States deporting a man with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

These facts amaze the Americans. They have discovered that Canada is a country of law and order. They come from a country in which during the three Boer war years, 1899, 1900 and 1901, there were more people murdered than were killed during that war, among the whole British army.

Contemplate these figures with which the people of the States are familiar: Persons murdered in the United States of America during 1899, 1900 and 1901, 18,466; executions of murderers for these murders, 356. The number of murderers unchanged was 18,110. Of those executed an average of two years elapsed before the sentence was carried out. In 1896, there were 10,652 murders and only 122 legal executions. The total number of British deaths in the Boer war was under 20,000, including those who died of enteric fever. Is it at all surprising that Americans appreciate the respect for law and order that prevails in Canada? The American cannot

believe this till he sees it, but when he sees it, he talks about it, he writes about it. It is the one conspicuous difference that he notices.

Another thing that he notices and writes back about is the absence of graft, or graft in its worst and most oppressive form. He discovers too that he gets on. He is thrown amongst a people who are virile, but are not hustlers. He can out-run them in business and he does. The Canadian in business and in industry, though solid and successful, is casual and apparently indifferent. His more aggressive competitor caters more for his client, is more eager to win his custom, hustles more on his behalf and does more trade. There is nothing more annoying to a visitor than the casualness of the Canadian.

Ask a tram-guard, a clerk, or a telephone operator, or a railway official, a question, and you will get an answer, but it is an answer which requires of him the minimum of response. He will not turn to look at you, his expression of stolid indifference will not alter, his lips will hardly move, his effort may be but a feeble, almost inarticulate grunt; or an almost imperceptible nod of the head or turn of the eye, will serve as an indication of direction. If the correct reply to you be an affirmative, he may make no response whatever, leaving it to be assumed by you that if his answer were in the negative he would make one; his absolute indifference to your question he means you to take as an affirmative response. The same casualness is observable everywhere, and is very disconcerting to visitors used to courteous and definite replies. But there is no incompetence or studied incivility, and the Canadian does not mean to be discourteous. This is simply an evidence of his independence and jack-easy manner. In the public service there is an even greater casualness, but it is often accompanied by a very obvious incompetence.

In so new, so varied and so rich a country as Canada, there is unlimited scope for private enterprise, so that as a general rule, only the "leavings" of private enterprise are available for the public service.

Here is a reply to an inquiry for particulars of lands for sale of a Canadian provincial government. The head of the department writes:

"DEAR SIR:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of 20th instant, addressed to this Department, and in reply have to say that there

is still about two and a quarter millions of acres not granted. Some of this land is rocky, but some of it is capable of development.

"Yours very truly,"

I venture to hint that such a reply would have merited, if it had not earned, dismissal from any self-respecting real estate office in Canada, anxious to do business and to get clients. I would lay myself open to a charge of being unobservant or inaccurate if I did not here admit that there are exceptions to this rule. Still nothing is more conspicuous than the apathetic indifference of government officials behind the counter, or the slow serpiginous movements of clerks who wander aimlessly amongst other clerks seeking information, which they will lazily pass over the counter without real knowledge or a sense of responsibility.

These slow, careless and sleepy movements are characteristic of all the officials in Canada, whether in the government or in private service. It takes longer to get a railway or a steamer ticket in Canada than in any other place in the world I know, and I have circumnavigated it five times. Now the American sails on to this sea of casual indifference and he gets a "move on." He hustles, to use his own expressive term. He gets the business. He does the work. He receives the patronage. He finds it a happy hunting ground because the competition is less fierce and his competitor is still asleep.

I am referring to business enterprises of all kinds. In the field of industry this is not true. The manual worker is the most diligent in the Anglo-Saxon world. Stand and watch a group of men at work almost anywhere in Canada, on road, or building, or railway construction, or street repair; at any work involving muscular effort, and you will be struck by the amount of joint-oil being put into their task. Where men are attending to machines they must of course keep pace, but when this necessity does not drive, the men are nevertheless at work—all at work, and always at work. This is in conspicuous contrast with the ordinary English worker. But then the Canadian gets about double the wage.

A bricklayer in British Columbia gets 24s. per day, a carpenter gets 18s. to 20s. per day. An unskilled worker gets 10s. to 12s. per day. The homesteaders making roads to their farms in Vancouver Island were getting 12s. a day from the government, and it was

currently reported that they were not watched very closely to see what days or place they selected for their toil. If a laborer gets the full reward of his labor he gives the full reward of his wage. I believe that to be true, and I believe the idleness and inefficiency of many types of the English workman at home to be due to a sullen protest against the conditions under which he has for generations been forced to labor. The employer has never been willing to share his profits with his workers in anything like a reasonable proportion. In Canada he is, and he does it; and his men are diligent, conscientious, self-respecting toilers, who give the full reward of their wage.

The Americans then are the real and prospective immigrants to Canada. They, too, have discovered Canada. They have formed an accurate estimate of her enormous resources, of her virgin forests ready for the axe, her fertile soil ready for the plow, her coal deposits ready for the pick, her products and her people ready for the rail; and their enterprise has said to them, "Go ye up and possess the land, for it is a goodly land, a land flowing with milk and honey." They do not require to take it by conquest. It is theirs for the asking, as much as it is yours and mine. All are welcome at its hospitable board, all are invited to sit down, eat, drink and be merry. Its gifts are there for all, and all may share its bounteous fruits. The invitation is being accepted by the Americans, and I am convinced that a big section of that one hundred million people will find their way across the forty-ninth parallel of latitude before many years are over.

But the American is not liked by the Canadian. To the Canadian he is an intruder, and perhaps this partly accounts for the very obvious prejudice against him. For that prejudice is much stronger than it once was. It does not exist in Britain. It is peculiar to Canada, and I cannot see that it is justified. Still, the Canadian likes his dollars, and these dollars, and the "go" behind them, are helping to push the country ahead.

Canada will become more and more American in its characteristics, and will ultimately be indistinguishable from its neighbor, except on the map and in its constitution.

British immigration to Canada will probably lessen as time goes on. The most easily detachable from their British environment have already been detached, and this source of supply has been greatly reduced. Moreover, the selective discrimination that

Canada has recently undertaken has of itself limited the supply. With this selective process instituted by Canada in self-protection, the enthusiasm of British immigration societies has to some extent diminished. But Britain is realizing that this selective emigration of her best people has about gone far enough. She can spare no more of her best workers, the only stock that Canada will take. To keep them she must pay better wages and give more and better opportunities. And she is doing this. The Scottish Smallholders Land Act was designed to give them opportunities, and one of the chief arguments that helped to make the bill an urgent measure was the emigration from Scotland's farming districts to Canada.

All the social legislation at present in the lap of the liberal party in Britain ready for distribution is designed to make and will have the effect of making the old land more attractive to the working people. All these factors tend against the trend of British emigration to Canada.

Then there is the competition of the other colonies. The summer suns of South Africa, Australia and New Zealand have their own peculiar charm and attraction for those who still dread the winter frost and snow of northern latitudes.

Just think of it! A wilderness of vast extent in less than a generation is dotted all over, not with homes only, but with cities, and cobwebbed with railways. The transformation is amazing. Where they got the material, the artisans, the plumbers, the money and the men is a riddle. A wooden house, a Canadian calls old (but would be considered new in any other country) withers like Jonah's gourd in a single night, and Hey! Presto! a ten-story steel construction sky-scraper rears itself upon the withered ruins. Plains and riverbanks grow villages, villages become towns, towns become great cities, and all while you wait. No! it is not the country. It is the people. No other race could do it. The tireless energy, the expanding optimism, the skill and capacity of these nation-building giants of the West! Their energy and their optimism are infectious. It spreads like a contagion. Everyone is seized with it. And all are on the same trail. They are working for the same cause. They are reaching out to the same goal. And they will all get there!

There is an integrity about them, an evidence of honest endeavor. All, all who go there catch the spirit. They fall into line. They join in the chase. There is no spiteful rivalry. Men after the same



dollar will smile to each other by the way, cheer each other's efforts and rejoice with the winner, whoever he may be. There is kinship rather than hostility; friendly rivalry rather than bitter opposition. There is competition, but it is not cut-throat competition. I admired that spirit in Canada and I think it is fairly general—most certainly in the West. The same healthy rivalry exists between towns, Regina and Saskatoon, Lethbridge and Medicine Hat, Calgary and Edmonton, Victoria and Vancouver, Alberni and Old Alberni. The newspaper correspondents to whom I will refer enter into the spirit of it. They do not decry the rival town, they exhaust their vocabulary in praise of their own. The most popular work of reference in a correspondent's library is the "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases." I read an article in praise of Vancouver, and it was simply a succession of superlatives culled from this booster's "Vade Vecum."

Now what would you expect from this city-building while you wait? Plumbers cannot be manufactured in a day like a tap or a gully trap, and plumbing is the most technical and important part of a building. You would expect plumbers to be scarce, plumbing to be defective, drainage to be scamped and typhoid to be rife. This is just what you do find. Ottawa, one of the empire's most beautiful cities, had a typhoid epidemic in full blast, when I was there, sixty-four cases "reported" on a Saturday and 102 on a Monday. There was one argument in everyone's mouth; and in the mouth of two witnesses shall every word be established. The argument was "I told you so." Now the worst thing one can say against a man is,—well, you might have been told it already. And the worst thing one can say about a town is that it has typhoid. That is positively the lowest character a town can have. What does it mean? It means just exactly what the Bible says, and the Bible does not mince matters.

Anyone but an Ottawan can see the cause of typhoid in the city streets—uneven pavements, depressed footpaths, cracked and tilted flagstones. These inequalities in the surface spell even greater inequalities in the underlying drains, which in their turn spell sewage deposit, stagnant flow, decomposition, sewer gas, defective traps, vitiated air, contaminated water and milk—all media, all carriers, but only one primary cause, sewer gas regurgitation from defective drains. People persist in going miles afield for causes when they

are under their nose. Some want a new water system, others want the supply from another lake or river, others want to exterminate dairies, others want to inoculate the cows, others to vaccinate everybody, but nobody wants to clean up.

The newspapers of the West are in their infancy. So one does not expect too much. Their paper is bad, their slips numerous and their matter weak. Their headings are grotesque. Look at this:

EMPEROR ABSOLUTE  
OF DYNAMIC FORCE

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Official Who is Playing Havoc  
With Gorges and Canyons  
That Give Trouble

---

IS WORKING IN SILENCE

---

Man Who Scarcely Ever Speaks  
But Who is Smashing  
Up the Earth.

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They have telegraphic news from most places in Canada, but I think their local correspondents are nearly all real estate agents. This news gives the name of new firms starting business, or promising to, or have circulated a rumor to this effect—the phenomenal and unprecedented rise in the price of lots, with a few examples, which it is left to be implied, are typical. They are what is commonly known as “boosting” messages. To “boost” is to crack up, to puff, to exercise your bump of wonder and to try and excite that of others. Auctioneers or cheap-jacks make the best newspaper correspondents in the Canadian West, and if they have a small but growing real estate business, just to fill in their spare time, this is an additional qualification. The empire news service is the worst in the British Dominions. A few scraps daily, badly placed, not a few obvious errors and often an incoherent jumble. The Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, the British Postmaster General, is perhaps one of the clearest thinkers, and the most concise, explicit and logical speakers in the

House of Commons. I will not quote the quarter column the papers gave him, lest he might see it, and I would not like to hurt his feelings. A Chicago paper that I studied about two years ago, when on a visit there, had thirty-six columns of reading matter, and seven and one-half columns of this were cable messages from London.

The dailies in the great Australian and New Zealand towns print from four to six columns of world cable news a day, and the people constantly clamor for more and complain of its meagreness. If there were less "boost" and more British news, less sensational garbage gathered from anywhere, chiefly in the States, and more edifying matter from the world's best writers and journals, the Canadians would be a better educated people and the journalistic profession would rise in influence, as the proprietary would rise in wealth.

The people of the world who had a choice and who had the means and power of making that choice effective, have never, at any place or in any age, selected the torrid zone for their home. No free people does that now, notwithstanding the spread of knowledge of these regions, the ease and cheapness of migration and the comparative security of life and property there. The virile people of the Mediterranean chose the north shores rather than the summier South; the Phoenecians from the Levant migrated west and northwest; the Mandarin Chinese kept to the northern latitudes; the restless wandering Teutons kept their gaze to the west and north; the Pilgrim Fathers kept to a similar latitude; those of the South African and South American colonizing people who were free to choose, selected the lower latitude and the temperate zones; and even within the temperate zones nations free to choose and move, showed no disposition to crowd towards the equator. Russia, Germany, Scandinavia, Britain, China and the United States are all witnesses whose evidence is on record; and within the temperate zone those races that have kept furthest from the equator, yet within that sphere, are the hardiest people. I call to witness the Scottish Highlanders, the Scandinavian Norsemen, the Russian Moujik, the German of the North, the Chinese Mandarin, the American Indians, and in the Southern Hemisphere, the Patagonian and the Maori. Latitude fifty-five is the mother of men.

The United States has no advantage that Canada does not enjoy, no natural resource of any value not found in Canada, no soil

that Canada cannot match, no power Canada cannot equal, no territory Canada cannot measure with her own. And she has the magic latitude of fifty-five. She has all the advantages, none of the disadvantages, all the prospects, all the example; the same race, the same human reservoir to tap and move, and if history and latitude do not lie, she will provide a finer race of men.

Although Canada is an infant nation she is no longer a babe in arms. She is growing into sturdy precocity and is anxious and eager to take her place with kindred nations in the family circle. Though Canada is working, and working hard with conspicuous success, she is thinking too; and she is thinking for herself. She is old enough and she is wise enough, and she needs little help from others.

I believe that the next stage in the evolution of Canada will be intellectual and spiritual. I do not mean spiritual in the religious sense, but spiritual in the national sense—contact of her national spirit with the spirit of history, her history, our history; a passion for a more intimate unity with the spirituality of the Anglo-Saxon race of which she is so great and an ever-growing part. She will recognize our common heritage and destiny. She does, but it will be more a passion than a sentiment, and it will express itself on the intellectual and spiritual side. She will develop her schools and colleges and extend their influence downwards; she will acquire a passion for our common literature; she will pride herself in culture and the fine arts, and recognizing her oneness with her race, she will blend her spirit with our own. I can hear the ground-rumble in our own country of that discontent, on which disloyalty grows like a weed. There is none to be heard in Canada. There is not a disloyal fibre in her whole constitution, not even in Quebec. If Britain needed them, legions of warriors would spring from every mountain valley and every prairie spot in Canada. There is one danger ahead. The States will spread over Canada. They may Americanize her. This will be good for Anglo-Saxondom, but bad for Canada, bad for spiritual Canada, I mean, not for material Canada. American money, energy and enterprise will help to develop her, but they will damage the spirit.

The hope is that Canada will prove resistent to this spirit, and that Americans invading gradually will catch her spirit as they have so far done. I hope and believe that Anglo-Saxon reunion is the

destiny of the English-speaking race. An offensive and defensive alliance now is not too wild a dream. Reconcile Ireland, and one great obstacle is gone forever. Our descent is common—in history, in literature and in religion. Our ideals are one, our hopes and fears are one. Our enemies are the enemies of civilization. We stand for progress, peace, and concord among the nations of the earth.